

*The Historie of*

Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud,  
The hope and expectaion of thy time,  
Is ruin'd, and the soule of euery man  
Prophetically do fore-thinke thy fall:  
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,  
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,  
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,  
Opinion that did helpe me to the Crowne  
Had still kept loyall to possession,  
And left me in reputeles banishment.  
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,  
By being seldome scene, I could not stir  
But like a Comet I was wondred at,  
That men would tell their Children, This is he:  
Others would say, where, which is *Bullingbrooke*:  
And then I stole all curtesie from heauen,  
And drest my selfe in such humilitie,  
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:  
Loud shoutes and salutations from their mowthes  
Euen in the presence of the crowned King.  
Thus I did keepe my person fresh and new,  
My presence like a robe pontificall,  
Ne're scene, but wondred at, and so my state  
Seldome, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast  
And wan by rarenes such solemnity.  
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,  
With shallow iesters, and rash bawin wits,  
Soone kindled, and soone burnt, carded his state,  
Mingled his royalty with Carping fooles;  
Had his great name prophaned with their scornes,  
And gaue his countenance against his name,  
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push  
Of euery beardless vaine comparatiue  
Grew a companion to the common streets,  
Enforc't him selfe to popularity,  
That being daily swallowed by mens eyes,  
They surfett'd with hony, and began to loath  
The tast of swetnes, whereof a little,

More

*Henrie the Fourth.*

More then a little, is by much too much.  
So when he had occasion to be scene,  
He was, but as the Cuckow is in Iune,  
Heard, not regarded: scene but with such eyes  
As sicke and blunted with community,  
Afford no extraordinarie gaze.  
Such as is bent on sun-like Maiesty,  
When it shines seldome in admiring eyes,  
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe  
Slept in his face, and rendred such aspect  
As cloudy men vse to doe to their aduersaries,  
Being with his presence, glutted, gorgde, and full.  
And in that very line, *Harry* standest thou,  
For, thou hast lost thy Princely priuiledge,  
With vile participation, Not an eye  
But is a weary of thy common sight,  
Saue mine, which hath desired to see thee more,  
Which now doth that I would not haue it done,  
Make blind it selfe with foolish tenderesse.  
*Prim.* I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord  
Be more my selfe. *King.* For all the world  
As thou art to this howre, was *Richard* then,  
When I from *France* set foot at *Rauenpurgh*,  
And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now:  
Now by my scepter and my soule to boote,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
Then thou, the shadow of succession,  
For of no right nor colour like to right.  
He doth fill fieldes with Harnes in the Realme,  
Turns head against the Lyons armed lawes,  
And being no more indebt to yeares, then thou  
Leadst ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on,  
To bloody battels, and to brusing armes,  
What neuer dying honor hath he got,  
Against renouued *Douglas*? whose high deedes,  
Whose hot incursions and great name in Armes,  
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe majority,  
And military title capitall.

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Through